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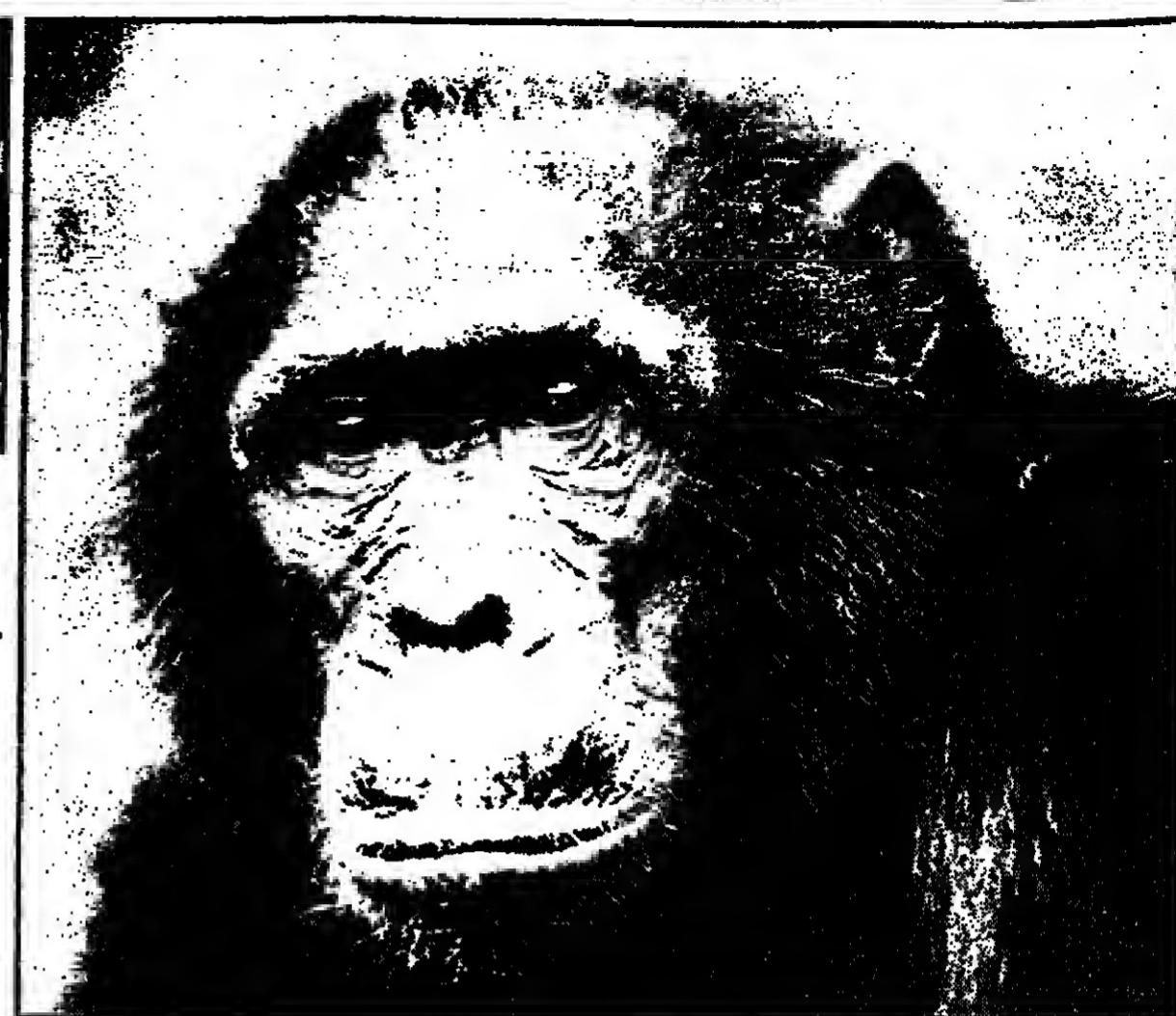
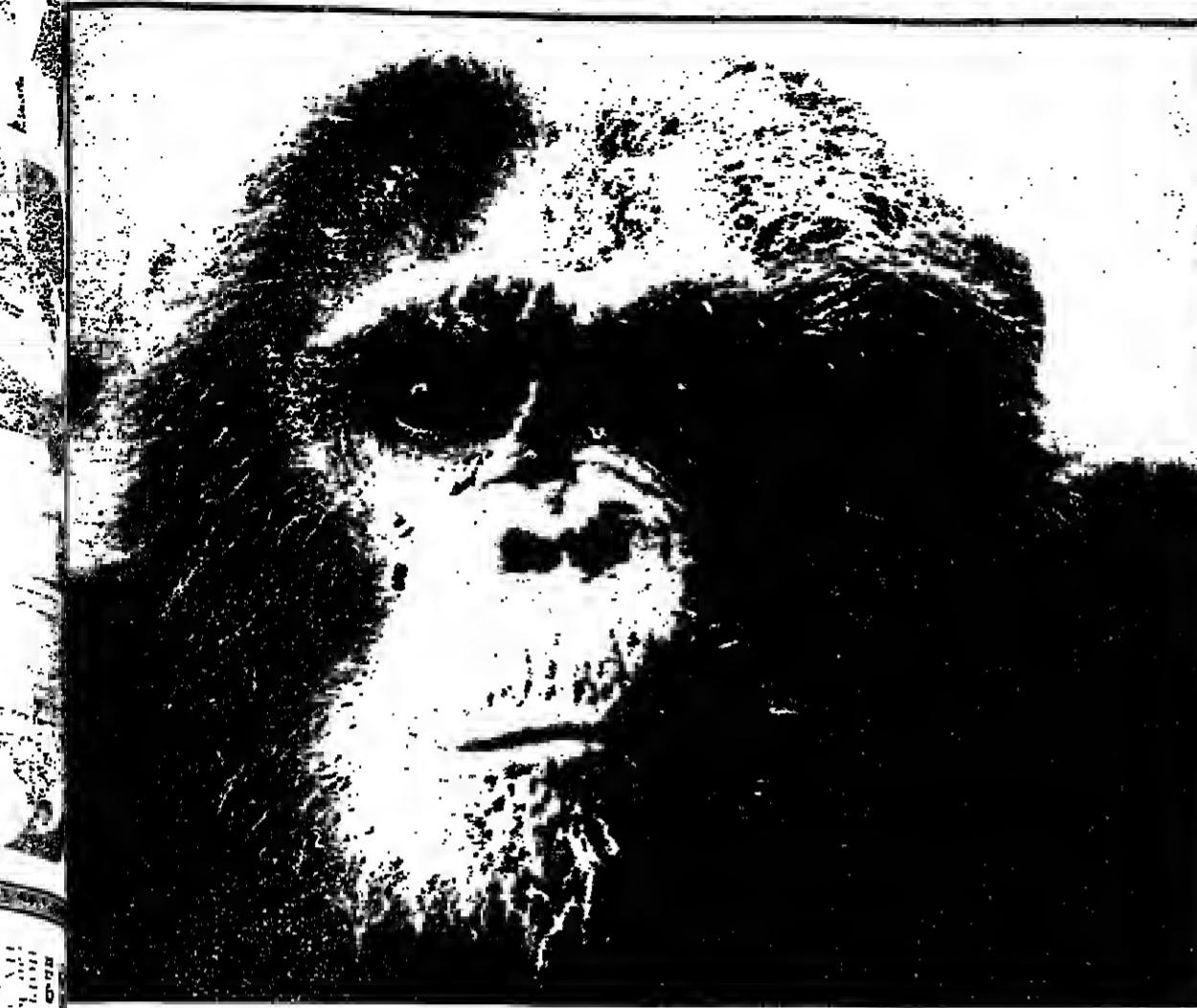
SUNDAY TIMES

# weekly review

SEPTEMBER 19 1971



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'There is a great deal in chimpanzee social relationships to remind us of our own behaviour — more, perhaps, than many of us would care to admit': Jane Goodall describes the complex social life of the chimp community, and how one 'strong man' became its dominant member...

Photographs by Hugo van Lawick

## HOW MIKE TOOK OVER FROM GOLIATH

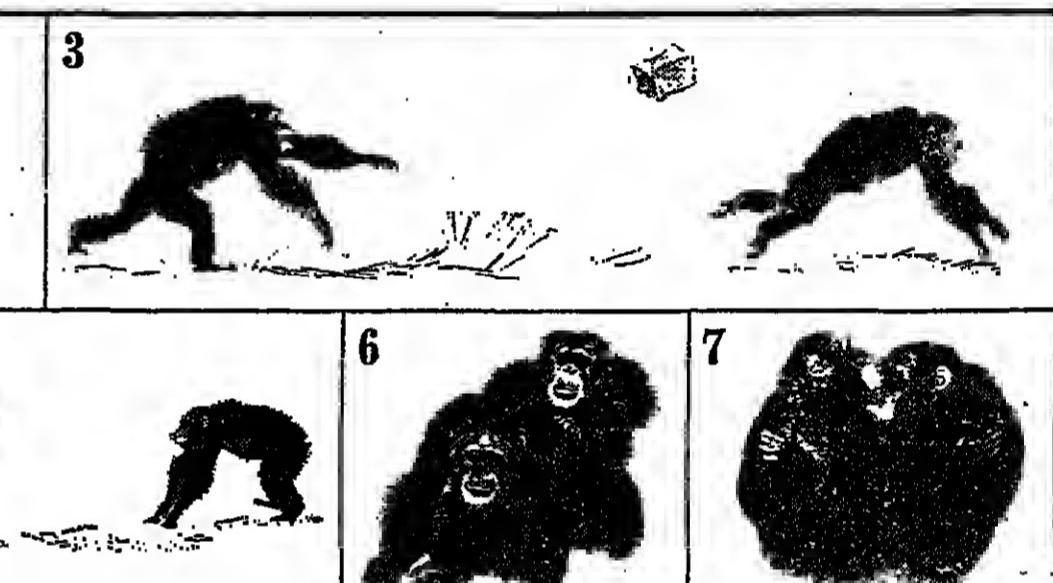
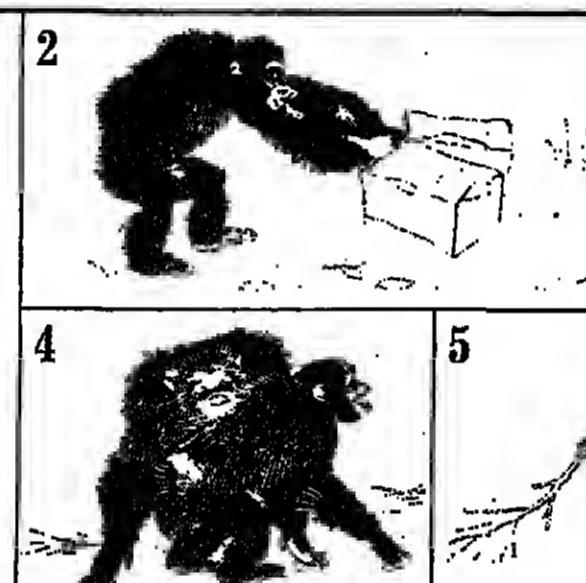
MIKE'S RISE TO THE NUMBER ONE or top-ranking position in the chimpanzee community was both interesting and spectacular. In 1963 he had ranked almost bottom in the adult male dominance hierarchy. He had been the last to gain access to bananas, and had been threatened and actually attacked by almost every other adult male. Indeed, at one time he had appeared almost held from using so many handfuls of hair during aggressive incidents with his fellow-apes.

When Hugo and I had left the Gombe Stream at the end of that year, before our marriage, Mike's position had not changed; yet when we returned, four months later, we found a very different Mike.

There was one incident that I remember particularly vividly. A group of five adult males, including top-ranking Goliath, David Greybeard and the huge Rodolf, were grooming each other—the session had been going on for some twenty minutes. Mike was sitting on his own about thirty yards from them, frequently staring towards the group, occasionally 'dry' grooming himself.

All at once Mike calmly walked over to our tent and took hold of an empty paraffin can by the handle. Then he picked up a second can and, walking upright, returned to his place, from which he continued to stare towards the other males.

After a few minutes he began to rock from side to side. At first no movement was almost imperceptible; then gradually he rocked more vigorously, his hair slowly began to stand erect, and softly at



Mike's take-over technique: 1-3, charging displays with paraffin cans; 4, attacking youngsters at the slightest provocation; 5, brandishing branches (and throwing rocks). The result 6-7, mutual grooming and final submission from his rival Goliath. Specially drawn for The Sunday Times by Maurice Wilson

first, he started a series of pant-hoots.

As he called, Mike got to his feet and suddenly he was off, charging towards the group of males, hitting the two cans ahead of him. The cans, together with his crescendo of hooting, made the most appalling racket: no wonder the erstwhile peaceful males rushed out of the way.

Mike and his crew vanished down a track and, after a few moments, there was silence. Some of the males reassembled and resumed their interrupted grooming session, but the others stood around somewhat apprehensively.

After a short interval that low-pitched hooting began again, followed, almost immediately, by the appearance of the two rascally cans with Mike close behind them. Straight for the other males he charged, and once more they fled. This time, even before the group could reassemble, Mike set off again; but he made straight for Goliath—and even he hastened out of Mike's way like all the others.

Then Mike stopped and sat, all his hair on end and breathing hard. His eyes glared ahead and his lower lip was hanging slightly down so that the pink inside showed brightly and gave him a wild appearance.

Rodolf was the first of the males to approach Mike, uttering soft pant-grunts of submission, crouching low and pressing his lips to Mike's thigh. Then he began to groom Mike, and two other males approached, pant-grunting, and began to groom him also. Finally David Greybeard went over to Mike, laid one hand on his groin, and joined in the grooming.

Only Goliath kept away, sitting on his own and staring towards Mike. It was obvious that Mike constituted a serious threat to Goliath's hitherto unchallenged supremacy.

Mike's deliberate use of man-made objects was probably an indication of superior intelligence. Many of the adult males had, at some time or another, dragged a paraffin can to enhance their charging displays, in place of the more normal branches or rocks; but only Mike apparently had been able to profit from the chance experience and learned to seek out the cans deliberately to his own advantage.

The cans, of course, made a great deal more noise than a branch when dragged along the ground at speed, and, after a while, Mike was actually able to keep three cans ahead of him at once for about sixty yards as he ran flat out across the camp clearing. No wonder that males, previously his superiors, rushed out of his way.

Charging displays usually occur when a chimpanzee becomes emotionally excited; when he arrives at a food source, joins up with another group or when he is frustrated. But it seemed that Mike actually planned his charging displays—almost, one might say, in cold blood. Often, when he got up to fetch his cans, he showed no visible signs of frustration or excitement—that came afterwards when, armed with them, he began to rock from side to side, raise his hair, and hoot.

Eventually Mike's use of paraffin cans became dangerous for he learned to hurl them ahead of him at the close of a charge—once he got me on the back of my head, and once he hit my husband Hugo's film camera. We decided to remove all the cans and, for a while, went through a nightmare period since Mike tried to drag about all manner

of other objects. Finally he had to resort to branches and rocks like his companions.

By that time, however, his top-ranking status was assured, although it was fully another year before Mike himself seemed to feel quite secure in his position. He continued to display very frequently and vigorously, and the lower-ranking chimps had increasing reason to fear him, for often he would attack a female or youngster viciously at the slightest provocation.

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED. A tense relationship prevailed between Mike and the ex-dominant male, Goliath, who did not relinquish his position without a struggle. His displays also increased in frequency and vigour, and he too became more aggressive.

Indeed, there was a time, towards the start of this battle for dominance, when Hugo and I feared for Goliath's sanity. After attacking a couple of youngsters and charging back and forth dragging huge branches, he would sit, his hair on end, his sides heaving from exertion, a froth of saliva glistening at his half-open mouth, and a glint in his eyes that, to us, looked not far from madness. We actually had a weld-mesh iron cage built, and, when this had been set up in camp, we retreated inside when Goliath's temper was at its worst.

One day, when Mike was sitting in camp, a series of distinctive rather melodious pant-hoots, with characteristic quavers at the close, announced the return of Goliath who had been away to the south for two weeks. Mike responded immediately, hooting and charging across the clearing. Then he climbed a tree and sat staring over the valley, every hair on end.

A few minutes later Goliath appeared and, as he reached the outskirts of the camp clearing, began one of his spectacular displays. He must have seen Mike, for he headed straight for him, dragging a huge branch. Then he leapt up into a tree and was still.

For a moment Mike stared towards him and then he too began to display, swaying the branches of his tree, swinging to the ground, hurling a few rocks and, finally, climbing up into Goliath's tree and swaying the branches there. When he stopped, Goliath immediately reciprocated, swinging about in the tree and rocking the branches.

Presently, as one of his wild leaps took him quite close to Mike, Mike too displayed, and for a few unbelievable moments both of the splendid male chimpanzees were swaying branches within a few feet of each other until I thought the whole tree must crash to the ground. But an instant later both chimps were on the ground, displaying in the undergrowth. Finally they stopped and sat, staring at each other.

It was Goliath who moved next,

standing upright as he rocked a sapling; when he paused Mike charged past him, hurling a rock and drumming, with his feet, on the trunk of a tree.

This went on for nearly half an hour: first one male and then the other displayed, and each performance seemed to be more vigorous, more spectacular, than that preceding it. Yet during all this time, apart from occasionally hitting one another with the ends of the branches they swayed, neither chimpanzee actually attacked the other.

Suddenly, after an extra long pause, it seemed that Goliath's nerve broke. He rushed up to Mike, crouched beside him with loud, nervous pant-grunts, and began to groom him with feverish intensity. For a few moments Mike ignored Goliath completely: then he turned and, with a vigour almost matching that of Goliath, began to groom his vanquished rival. And there they sat, grooming each other without pause, for over an hour.

That was the last real duel between the two males. From then on it seemed that Goliath accepted Mike's superiority, and a strangely intense relationship grew up between the two. They often greeted one another with much display of emotion, embracing or patting one another, kissing each other in the neck, after which they usually started grooming each other.

During these grooming sessions it appeared that the tension between them was eased, soothed by the close, friendly physical contact. Afterwards they sometimes fed, or rested quite close to each other, looking peaceful and relaxed as though the bitter rivalry of the past had never been.

Indeed, it is one of the most striking aspects of chimpanzee society that creatures who can so quickly become roused to frenzies of excitement and aggression can, for the most part, maintain such relaxed and friendly relationships with each other.

WOULD MIKE HAVE BECOME the top-ranking male if, and my paraffin cans, had never invaded the Gombe Stream? We shall never know, of course, but I suspect he would have, in the end. For Mike has a strong desire for dominance, a characteristic marked in some individuals and almost entirely lacking in others.

Over and above this, Mike has unquestionable intelligence—and amazing courage, too. I shall never forget the time, soon after Mike had become the uneasy top-ranking male, when some of the other high-ranking males turned on him. Mike had charged into camp, hurled a few rocks, and, in passing, briefly pounded on David Greybeard.

David Greybeard, in some ways, was a coward for he nearly always tried to avoid trouble and, when he

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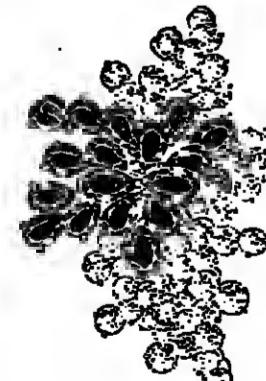
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## HOW MIKE TOOK OVER

*continued from preceding page*

showdown: now Goliath would regain his lost position.

Suddenly, to our amazement, Mike turned—instead of leaping off into the next tree and running away, he turned. He was still screaming, but he began to sway branches violently and the next moment took a leap towards the five. In a flurry of fight they rushed down the tree, almost falling over one another in their haste, and fled with Mike after them.

When Mike sat, his hair on end, his eyes glaring, the others stayed away from him, cowed. Mike had won a spectacular victory by bluff.

**WHEN I REFER TO MIKE AS THE DOMINANT MALE**, what I really mean is that he became top-ranking amongst those individuals that we know—in individuals whose normal range includes our home valley. Once I had become really familiar with all the chimpanzees of our community, I quickly realised, from visits to the north and south of the Reserve, that there are, in fact, two other communities. Many of the individuals comprising these groups seldom or never travel as far as our centrally located valley, but there is, without doubt, some intermixing between chimpanzees of the three communities.

One fully mature male, whose normal range, so far as we know, lay to the south, did start to visit our feeding station; he would come for a week or so at a time when he was in the vicinity and then disappear back to his normal haunts. Just before he died he became quite a regular visitor to camp, but his relationships with the males of our group were always rather tense.

Quite often females from the northern or southern communities arrive at camp during their periods of sexual swelling, brought along by our males; and once they have discovered our bananas some of them become fairly regular visitors, whilst others come only once or twice in a year.

On a number of occasions I have seen individuals from two of these main communities meet up and mingle without aggression, feeding together side by side. But it seems that Mike himself is reluctant to mix with the chimps to the north and south of his domain. A few times when "strangers" called from a neighbouring valley, Mike, after much displaying and calling, turned back, taking some of his group with him, whilst others moved on to mix with the strangers.

A chimpanzee community is an extremely complex social organisation: it was only when a large number of individuals began to visit the feeding area, so that I could make regular observations on their interactions one with another, that I began to appreciate just how complex it is.

The members who comprise it move about in constantly changing associations and yet, though the society seems to be organised in such a casual manner, each individual knows his place in the social structure—knows his status in relation to any other chimpanzee he may chance upon during the

day. Small wonder there is such a wide range of greeting gestures—and that most chimpanzees do greet each other when they meet after a separation.

Figani, going up to an older male with a submissive pant-grunt, is probably affirming that he remembers quite well the little aggressive incident of two days before when he was thumped soundly on the back. "I know you are dominant: I admit it; I remember" is the sort of communication inherent in his submissive gesturing. "I acknowledge your respect: I shall not attack you just now" is implicit in the gentle patting movement of Mike's hand as he greets a submissive female.

As Hugo and I became increasingly familiar with Mike's community we began to learn more and more about the variety of relationships which existed between different adult chimpanzees. Some individuals only interacted when chance—such as a fruiting tree or a sexually attractive female—threw them together. Others moved about together frequently and showed an affectionate tolerance and regard for each other which, we felt, could best be described as friendship.

And, as our study continued, we found that some friendships persisted over the years whilst others were of relatively short duration. We learnt, too, to appreciate the different characteristics of male and female chimpanzees. And the more we learned, the more we were impressed by the obvious parallels between some chimpanzee and some human relationships.

Firm friendships, like that between Goliath and David Greybeard, seem to be particularly prevalent amongst male chimpanzees. Mike and the irascible, testy old J.B. travelled about in the same group very frequently. When I first knew them, J.B. was the higher-ranking of the two, but Mike's strategies with the paraffin cans served to subordinate J.B. along with all the other males.

However, once things had settled down, with Mike secure in the top-ranking position, it became apparent that J.B. had also risen in the social ladder. When he was in a group with Mike, J.B. was able to dominate Goliath as well as other males who had held a higher rank than he before Mike's rise.

These other males quickly accepted J.B. as second to Mike, but Goliath asserted his old superiority over J.B. on many occasions when Mike was not part of the group.

Leakey and Mr Worzle were two other males who frequently travelled together. In temperament they were very different. Leakey is robust, high-ranking and usually good-natured. Mr Worzle, on the other hand, was always nervous, both in his dealings with other chimps and with humans. He was very low-ranking indeed and, even before he became really decrepit before his death, was subordinate to all the other adult males—and some of the adolescent males also.

Nevertheless, the two spent hours in each other's company, grooming each other, feeding and moving from place to place together, building their nests in the same or neighbouring trees. When Leakey was with him, Mr Worzle always seemed far more relaxed and confident.

With the exception of David and Goliath, who bore no resemblance at all to each other, we have been able to detect similarities in either physical make-up or behavioural characteristics—or both—in all of the pairs of male friends that we have known. This was particularly striking in the case of Leakey and Mr Worzle.

Mr Worzle had extraordinary eyes, for the part around the iris was white instead of being heavily pigmented with brown as in other chimpanzees: His eyes, therefore, exactly resembled those of a man.

Leafy, too, showed the same unusual lack of pigmentation, though to a much lesser extent than Mr Worzle. We suspect, in fact, that pairs of male friends may often be siblings.

The only two adult females from familial responsibilities is, perhaps, one of the major differences between human and chimpanzee societies. For most human family groups look upon the father not only as the begetter of the children, but as the protector, and usually as the provider of food, or land, or money.

Human families, of course, vary enormously in structure. The smallest unit, the husband,

## What a chimp's expression means

CHIMPANZEES have a wide range of calls which, though not to be compared with human speech, do convey certain types of information. When a chimp finds good food, its loud barks make others aware of it and they hurry to join in. An attacked chimpanzee screams, and this may alert his mother, or a friend, who may hurry to his aid. A male chimpanzee, about to enter a valley, utters loud pant-hoots, and other individuals realise not only that another member of the group is arriving but also which one. A mother knows the scream of her offspring.

Chimpanzees can undoubtedly recognise each other from their offspring alone

From left: Display Face shown by aggressive chimpanzees, especially during charging displays or when attacking others. It is not accompanied by calling. Play Face: when a game becomes vigorous the upper lip is often drawn back and up so that the top teeth are also exposed; frequently accompanied by a series of grunting sounds or laughing. Two of the facial expressions typically shown by

chimpanzees as they utter Pant-hoots, a series of hoo sounds (third from left) connected by audible intakes of breath, gradually getting louder and usually ending with wooo sounds (right) also connected by panting intakes of breath. Pant-hoots are given in a variety of contexts, especially when chimpanzees

arrive at a food source, join another group or cross from one valley to another. They also serve as a contact call between spread-out individuals or groups: chimpanzees sleeping within earshot of each other may exchange pant-hoots during the night, particularly when there is a bright moon.

Drawings by David Byott

Grinning: Full open grin (left) usually shown by chimpanzee who is frightened or very excited. Full closed grin (right) is the expression of a chimpanzee who is probably less frightened or excited than one showing an open grin. Sometimes a low-ranking chimpanzee may approach a superior in silence while showing a closed grin. If the human nervous or social smile has its equivalent expression in the chimpanzee this, without doubt, is it.

Chimpanzees grunt in a variety of contexts: during feeding, grooming, and as close-range contact calls between the individuals of a peaceful group. A series of rapid grunts, connected by audible intakes of breath, are known as pant-grunts. A subordinate chimpanzee is likely to pant-grunt as he approaches a superior during a greeting or after being attacked.

Loud barking often occurs when a group is socially excited; very loud food barks often occur as chimpanzees arrive at a favoured food source and during the first few minutes of intensive feeding. When mildly threatening another chimpanzee (or animal) or another

species including humans) a chimpanzee utters a soft bark—a sound very like a single quiet cough. A more vigorous threat brings a loud hark.

The woaaa call is one of the most savage sounds of the African jungle; it is long-drawn-out and clear, pitched rather high, and is made when chimpanzees come across something unusual or slightly disturbing in the forest. It was with this call that the chimpanzees acknowledged Jane Goodall's approach in the early days once they had got over their initial terror of her. They may use this call when they come across a dead chimpanzee.

and Goliath, who bore no resemblance at all to each other, we have been able to detect similarities in either physical make-up or behavioural characteristics—or both—in all of the pairs of male friends that we have known. This was particularly striking in the case of Leakey and Mr Worzle.

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Human families, of course,

vary enormously in structure. The smallest unit, the husband,

two adult females I ever saw playing with each other, rolling about on the ground, tickling one another and panting with laughter, each with her infant cradled in one arm.

The adult females of the chimpanzee community are almost always submissive to adult males—and, indeed, to many of the older adolescent males. But they have their own dominance hierarchy in which Flo, for many years, was supreme, respected and even feared by old and young females alike.

This exclusion of the male from familial responsibilities is, perhaps, one of the major differences between human and chimpanzee societies. For most human family groups look upon the father not only as the begetter of the children, but as the protector, and usually as the provider of food, or land, or money.

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Flo was exceptionally aggressive towards her own sex, and she would tolerate no insubordination from young adolescent males. Much of her confidence no doubt resulted from the fact that she was so often accompanied by her two eldest sons and, with the aggressive Fif, as well, the family was formidable indeed.

Flo at one time often wandered about together with the mother, Olly. But their relationship was very different from that between, say, David and Goliath. For one thing, Flo was frequently aggressive towards Olly, and for another, neither would go to the assistance of the other in times of trouble. The only time I have seen them united was when they would gang up on a young stranger female.

We have seen other sudden alliances in similar circumstances, but we have not seen them gang up in this way on stronger adolescent males: nor have we seen adult males of our group driving away strangers of either sex from the feeding area.

What, then, motivates the aggressive behaviour of these females? Is it perhaps the fact that older females, who normally have a much smaller range than males, are more territorial? Or could it be due to some more complex emotion—do old females, perhaps, resent the attention paid to young stranger females by "their" adult males?

Are they, in other words, motivated by the emotion which, in human beings, we call jealousy? We cannot be sure—but sometimes it certainly seems like it.

The female chimpanzee is, indeed, very different from the male, although, as with humans, some females show masculine characteristics, and vice versa. Adult females, typically, resort to pleading with many of the gestures and calls made by infants when they are trying to get their own way with a social superior. It appears, too, that females are more likely than males to harbour grudges.

WHAT IS, INDEED, A GREAT deal in chimpanzee social relationships to remind us of some of our own behaviour: more, perhaps, than many of us would care to admit. Only by carrying on our research for years to come, and studying the social structure in a group where blood-relations between the different individuals are known, shall we succeed in understanding the whole complex and intricate pattern.

In chimpanzee communities, of course, family groups comprise only a mother and some or all of her offspring; the father, apart from his necessary contribution to the conception of a child, plays no further part in its development. Indeed, neither we nor the chimpanzees normally have any idea as to which male was responsible for siring which child.

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In other words, chimpanzees are very promiscuous. But this does not mean that every female will accept every male who courts her.

Gigi, a young female a little older than Fif, showed a marked objection to the advances of the aggressive male Humphrey. She invariably had a large male retinue when she went pink—but when all the other males were satisfied, there would be Humphrey, his hair on end, glaring at Gigi, shaking branches, hunching his foot on the ground, moving cautiously towards her. All the while Gigi would be screaming and moving away from him.

Sometimes Humphrey gave chase, but, though he once shook her out of the tree in which she had sought refuge, we never saw him actually "rape" her. Quite often, though, he managed to get his way through dogged persistence. He went on and on courting her every time she went pink. His persistence was certainly rewarded eventually for, two years later, Gigi seemed almost to prefer Humphrey to any other male.

Sometimes a male chimpanzee will actually insist on an unwilling female accompanying him on his travels until he is no longer interested in her, or she manages to escape.

The relationship which the large Rodolf struck up with Flo—accompanying her during her extended pink period—was rather different. Rodolf showed none of the bullying, aggressive behaviour towards Flo which characterised the relationships of Leakey and the others to the females of their choice. Rodolf followed Flo wherever she went, and it was to him that she most often turned for comfort when she was hurt or upset.

NOVELS BY McCARTHY, LE CARRÉ, MORTIMER  
MIKE NICHOLS' NEW FILM  
JOHN RUSSELL: ART IN AMERICA



# THE ARTS

Peter Dunow

Cyril Connolly discusses the contrasting worlds of two Catholic writers

## HAIR-SHIRT AND HAPPINESS

and young Catholic novelists are ruled by a chiasm. For instance, Graham Greene, who is still alive, has gone to the modern world of society, insecurity, wars and revolutions; and the late Marie Belloc Lowndes (of the *doncarr de ricto*) and Pax Britannica. One is a convert stretches his religion to the limits orthodoxy, the other a serenely Catholic, sister of Hilary Belloc, of Maurice Baring and Chesterton. Both share an interest in criminology and Mrs Belloc Lowndes' novel about Jack the Ripper, "The Lodger," as famous in its day as Brighton Rock.

used to dine with her sometimes: elegant food, amusing people, the less manifesting a passionate rest in human behaviour and nearly an expert in affairs of the heart, though in a detached and cosy manner. She was like Hemingway's "old lady" or an Agatha Christie line, and murders seemed there a parlour game at which she had lied. She had stood by Wilde and frequented the Asquith circle; she was not brilliant like Rebecca West but cool either. I wonder what she could have made of Graham Greene. remember him at Oxford, where were contemporaries. He seemed much alone and to wear a Lenten look, like a service chief who sees the sole knowledge of some final disaster, or like the only survivor from it. In his autobiography *A Sort of Life* (Bodley Head, £1.80) tells us he was drunk all day—or—but he did not give that impression: his cold blue and slightly querulous eyes, his drawn face, gave a picture. I wish I had not been tired by it and had made a friend in.

my question is answered. In introduction to her Diaries and Letters 1911-47 (Chatto and Windus, pp. 304) Mrs Belloc Lowndes' daughters (one is married to a young man who edited English paper in Lisbon) write: intensely interested in literature and art of writing, Mrs Belloc Lowndes was a good friend to many young boys whose work she admired and were downcast by their initial lack of success. When Mr Graham Greene, a young man published *The Man Who Was*, Marie Belloc Lowndes at once realised that a major writer had appeared.

Graham Greene's *A Sort of Life* does go much beyond this "success," though he does take it down "Istanbul Train" (1932). Whereas Ian Waugh never looked back after one might almost say since 1926, his pre-Raphaelite researches well known even before "line and Fall"—I don't suppose Greene became famous until "Brighton Rock" (1938). His early failure to provide him with a although he lacked the expensive tastes of so many of his contemporaries (his sales rose only by a sand from his first novel to his second).

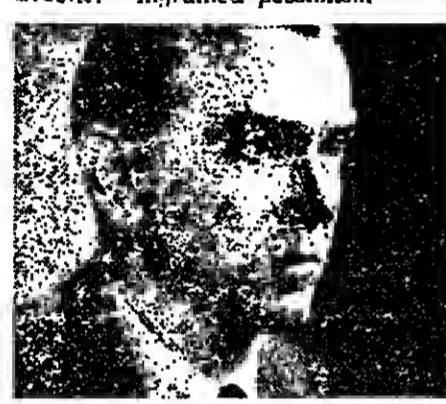
suppose one might call *A Sort of Life* a frustrating book; the general is rather tepid, as if he had left little bit too late and was not sufficiently concerned with himself young to pass on much enthusiasm to the reader.

other way to put it is that while

it emerges clearly that Graham Greene was a neurotic, that he tried to commit suicide, was suspected of epilepsy, was even psychoanalysed as well as being a manic-depressive, a German spy and a member of the Communist Party, all before leaving Oxford—was in fact a rebel and premature drop-out—he does not even now understand the springs of his rebellion or his vein of self-destructiveness. How did this member of a large, intelligent and affectionate family become a Baudelaire? We observe him, as he observes himself, from the outside, recording a case-history for which some of the key data are lacking. We re-read the story of



Marie Belloc Lowndes in 1932: "She loved the world," Belloc, Graham Greene, "ingrained pessimism."



Graham Greene in 1932: "He had a Russian roulette with a revolver with one loaded chamber, but each time he spins the barrel we are less clear as to his motive."

.

His childhood is conventional enough. As the son of the headmaster of Berkhamsted, where Peter Quennell and Claud Cockburn were also pupils, he read the same boys' books, developed the same feelings about water, shrubbery, potting sheds, was afraid of bats, disliked dormitories and boys' lavatories, was mildly bullied and wrote his way out of it. (He deprecates all his literary activities to such an extent that we are surprised to find that he was ever published.) His university career was uneventful, as was his love-life; his grand passion was for a family governess, he married young and became a Catholic to win his wife.

His happiest years seem to have been spent as a sub-editor on *The Times*, and he gives a very pleasant picture of a womb-like atmosphere where "no one was ever sacked or resigned" and where, by the way, Mrs Belloc Lowndes' husband was then working.

I have copied out, as did Asquith himself, a sentence of his daughter Violet here quoted:

"Life is so short and death so certain and when death comes the silence and separation are so complete, that one can never make too much of the ties and affections and relationships which bind us to the living."

I think what has impressed me most in my life of observation of human beings is the lies that are told with reference to the relations of men and women.

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## Capital Mr Marks

THEATRE □ J W LAMBERT

LIVE in a frightened age, not for the first time in human history. Prophets of doom are having a field-day, and no wonder. Luckily the romantic spirit expands at the same time; merciful derision offers us a safety-valve and a sense of perspective to our sorrows. Last week two forces of two comedies augmented the London theatre's therapeutic pleasures.

Forces of the obvious of tragedy, putting themselves or our ostensible betters into bizarre situations, heightening the merriment to the point of chanting frenzy. Michael Pertwee's *It's Not Just Like That, There, Say Something* (which is a clumsy vehicle, but its amodic story of a Cabinet Minister whose private life by no means buttresses his job (curbing the permissive society), serves to inspire some lively traditionalism, and one performance of transcendent splendour.

Fused now into a zany power which most topples over into a Wedekind-style erotica, Alfred Marks' talents—his art and wit—say genius—make his *Mr. William Aspinwall Brown*, MP a sperate and definitive portrait of a man pitched upon the rack between public reality and private exuberance.

Tall, bulky, bald though fashionably unshaven, resonant, incisive and merrier, he extrudes an alarming smile and curious twitch of the shoulders, tiny munder of a currently very senior politician who is of course purely accidentally, giving out the trumplings of amorous venture, he falls into a jauntily sexy link; confronted by a new conquest he is ticked in the approaches to a kiss like a raised goldfish; pretending to telepone his wife from a railway station, he barks up an astounding eddota of anatomical clutter and station announcements.

We should be grateful to Brian Rix for liberating his twenty-one years in force offering us this towering delight, him—not for the first time—taking second place at a put-upon junior MP, though without his momentus as he tries to sum an Australian accent or to cross his legs while dressed only in a punctured lung-case.

The bully and the bullied, staple fare of farce as of the human condition, are also found at the Prince of Wales, where *Big Bad Mouse* is back in town. Here of course the play and its tale of office life, of boss bewildered and clerk turned Casanova, is hardly even a vehicle, mere excuse for the stormtous outrage of Jimmy Edwards and the gawking resilience of Eric Sykes—a double dislocation of everyday, the extravagance of the plot itself exploited by the freewheeling improvisation and hit-or-miss impromptus of those accomplished and liberating clowns.

AFTER the explosive euphoria of farce, the constructive usefulness of comedy, drawn at the Greenwich Theatre, Michael Frayn's *The Sandboy* strikes a chirpy blow for common sense. Evelyn Waugh, invited by this newspaper to choose one of the seven deadly sins, and write about it, selected acedia, which he defines as "the refined joy." Mr. Frayn holds up the same dismal self-sacrifice to ridicule by showing us how truly lucky and successful young architect-planner who cannot really feel it wrong in enjoy the enjoyable things in his life, though infected enough by puritan intellectual climate to feel guilty about doing so. "Some people have a sex problem," cries his hero, "I have a smugness problem."

As prizes and commissions tumble into his lap he worries away—"The meaning and purpose of life is to make life more meaningful." "I was happier when I wasn't so happy." Mr. Frayn has taken the precaution of making him a bit of a fool, bailed off by his enigmatic wife (a muted, not to say inaudible, Eleanor Bron), a single-minded admirer of the natural man as represented by a smiling plumber (Anthony Sagar, muscular, coarse-grained and uninhibited), and eventually brought to open retribution by

the rails on his sympathy made by his neighbours, whose unfatiguing flow of misfortune enables them to prey upon his sympathy with a relentless alternation of tears and sultry scorn (which Alain Elgar and Patrick Allen project with relish and accuracy).

Joe Melo builds a splendid comic performance, splay-fisted, eager-beaver, gleeful, apprised, from this bumbling jargon-ridden hoover-mogen sensus; and with it supports the little play, which even in its brief two hours is badly overextended. It is as full of excellent and painful jokes as a pomegranate of pips, but they are all varollons on one theme; and Robert Chelwyn's direction cannot quite hold together the exhausting impersonal of the action, or convince us that the extra joke of pretending that it passes during the making of a television programme in our hero's home is remotely worth its repetitive while.

All but 300 years after its first performance, George Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (1698) is given by the Royal Shakespeare Company a production which provides a stimulating bitter-sweet evening, though lacking that last degree of confidence in the play which would make it an outstanding experience. Etherege, though entirely of the Court, was a notably naturalistic dramatist within the variety of texture aimed at by the earlier Restoration dramatists. But Timothy O'Brien's steel-framed surrealistic set and Mrs Tazeena Firth's timeless but King's Road-oriented costumes remove the play to that fairland in which Lamb preferred to sterilise these self-consuming libertines of both sexes.

Terry Hands' direction, too, keeps overlaying the space comic texture of the play with buffoonery and burlesque which slow things up and distort the line of the argument.

Zoe Dominic



THE crafty photographs of the experienced artist Zoe Dominic (the reverse of arty-crafty, however) may have been the starting-point for "Frederick Ashton, a Choreographer and his Ballets" (Harrap, £4.50) and they form an incomparable record of Frederick the Great's achievement over the years: but under the spur of her collaborator John Selwyn Gilbert the hook turned into something more than a pictorial record.

The collected utterances of Ashton's friends, colleagues and interpreters are of such interest and so enlightening, that they amount to a totally unexpected essay in biography. While Ashton's own contribution, in the form of tape-recorded reminiscences, are so frank, racy and revealing of his early struggles and creative impetus that they must constitute the gold-ore for future biographical prospectors.

## Wisdom for sale

JOHN PETER

BOTH black militants and noisy advocates of repatriation should see *As Time Goes By* by Mustafa Matura (as *Theatre Upstairs*). Its hero is Ram (nick, breathless performance by Stefan Kalipha) an amably ingratiating con-man from Trinidad who sets up as a swami and dispenses spiritual advice to unsophisticated fellow-immigrants. Offstage his baby daughter baulks at inconvenient moments, and from time to time his wife appears to get on with domestic chores and pour contempt on Ram and his sham vocation.

The situation recalls the early stories of V. S. Naipaul: Mr Matura presents his characters with the same blend of irony and understanding. Indeed the first scene, which is a trifle too long, makes you wonder whether he isn't just going to have a nice time stringing folksy wisecracks together. Such worries evaporate with the arrival of Mark and Luellie, a pair of white drifters, who drop in and treat Ram to a dismal mixture of pseudo-psychology and mane small-talk and then settle down to strumming marijuana from him.

The fine thing about Mr Matura's writing is the way his boisterous comic sense goes hand in hand with an amused tolerance. He understands both the sponger and the spunged. The point of the play, indeed, is that all its characters are both: greed and gullibility are the great levellers of men whatever their colour. The message is neatly brought home in Roland Rees' laudable production: Robert Coyle and Carole Hayman play a sharp duet as the white scoundrels.

The Belgian National Theatre opened their brief season at the Old Vic with *Ghelderode's Pastoral*: a comic grandguignol about the legacy of revolutions and the blunkerish brashness of those who suppose them. (The fact that Ghelderode was partly inspired to write it by the events in Germany in 1919 explains his utter contempt for both sides.) Its eponymous hero, a latter-day holy fool, is a descendant of Don Quixote, for whom Ghelderode once confessed a deep-rooted admiration; and also of Schwellen with whom he shares a healthy dislike of anything violent. Georges Bossu plays him with agile, toothy candour; and our own Frank Dunlop directs with a speed and deftness which gives this pleasantly garrulous play convincing satirical force.

Which is more than you get from the second Belgian offering, *The Seventh Commandment*: "Thou shalt steal . . . a bit less" by the Italian playwright Dario Fo—a moral farce about corruption and conformity every bit as ponderously arch as its title suggests. It somehow elicits two performances of quite awesome devotion from Anne Marev and André Debaar; but it is sad to watch the play as it smothers its own little eloquence with such horrid efficiency.

At the King's Head, Islington (lunchtime), a wryly written, well-knit half-hour comedy, *The Laughing Cavalier* by Stanley Eveling. Mr Eveling is at the moment best over short distances, and this piece of sexual disillusion, sharply played between a seedy narcissist (Neil Sedler) and his former mistress (Patricia Doyle) is astoundingly effective.

## Sadler's Wells Opera at the London Coliseum

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Sept. 23-26, Oct. 2-5, 9-12, 15-17  
One of the best performances seen in London for years.

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a full-blooded and highly enjoyable affair.

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compulsive listening, compulsive viewing!

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Seats available from 50p to £2.40 and Balcony Seats at 40p, sold on the day of performance.

Box Office:  
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## SKYVERS

"Skyvers" is about what it feels like to be a 15 year-old school-leaver, about the frustration of being at the bottom of the pile...I recommend it again as a work of almost prophetic topicality'

*Observer*

"It is good to see the theatre used for discussion of so vital a problem"

*Sunday Telegraph*

"...theatre bursting with life & humour  
...Pam Brighton's production explodes in the industrial vaults of the Roundhouse"

*The Guardian*

"...dialogue that turns the air electric blue...The casting of the boys is quite marvellous...The production scores throughout. It has alarming attack and virile precision"

*The Times*

"...rings appallingly true"

*Daily Telegraph*

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The Merchant of Venice

William Shakespeare

Frank Bame Production Jonathan Miller

Anna Carteret Scenery &amp; Costumes Julia Travelyan Oman

Paul Curran Lighting Robert Ornbo

Jim Dale

Charles Kay

Harry Lomax

Anthony Nicholls

Ronald Pickup

Laurence Olivier

Joan Plowright

Louise Fumal

Benjamin Whitrow

Malcolm Reid

October 20, 21 (m), 22,

23 (m), 23, 25

November 3, 4 (m), 5, 6 (m),

6, 8

A performance of stunning magnitude

*Sunday Telegraph*

The Captain of Köpenick

Cari Zuckmayer adapted by John Mortimer

Paul Scofield as Voigt

and Jim Dale

Bill Fraser

Bernard Gallagher

Mary Griffiths

James Hayes

Hazel Hughes

Gerald James

Richard Kay

Gabrielle Laye

Harry Lomax

Kenneth Mackintosh

John Moffatt

Denis Quilley

Malcolm Reid

Maggie Riley

Brian Tully

Michael Turner

Jeanne Watts

Jane Wenham

Benjamin Whitrow

September 28, 29, 30 (m), 30

October 1, 2 (m), 3, 4, 5, 6 (m),

7, 8, 9 (m), 10, 11, 12, 13,

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 (m), 21

November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (m), 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 (m), 21

December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (m), 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,

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January 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (m), 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,

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February 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (m), 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,

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March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (m), 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 (m), 21

April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (m), 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 (m), 21

May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (m), 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,

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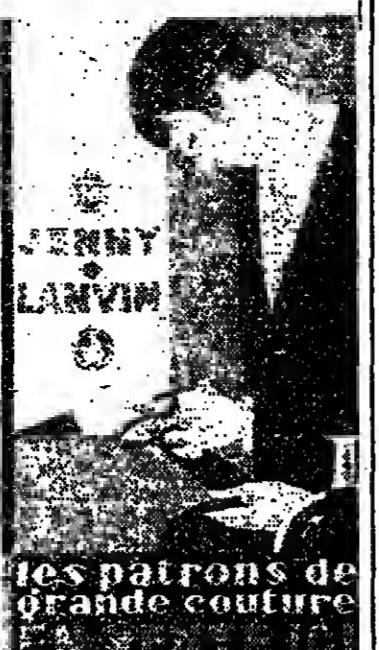
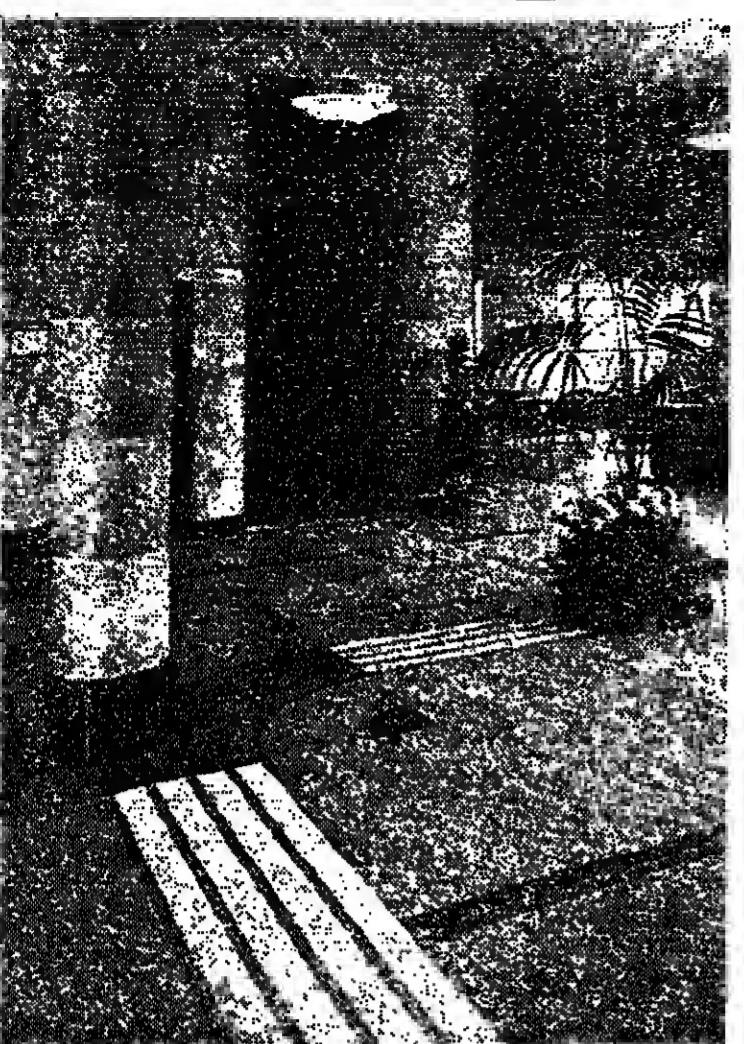
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## Concepts and conveyor belts

ART IN AMERICA □ JOHN RUSSELL

HOME THOUGHTS from abroad, and in particular from Los Angeles ("Art & Technology" at the Getty Museum), Minneapolis ("Art Deco" at the Institute of Arts), and Washington, where the National Gallery has lately appointed an Englishman, Christopher White, to the new post of Curator of Prints.

Ocasio, the half-bald goddess of Opportunity, is one of the most daunting among mythological figures, and not everyone answers her knock. When Maurice Tuchman was planning the Art & Technology show he approached over 250 corporations in the Los Angeles area with the idea that they should let an artist loose among their resources and see what came of it. Six out of seven said No; and among the creative people on Mr Tuchman's preliminary list a great many dropped out early in the mating process.

Dubuffet and Vasarely in Paris, Caro, King and Paolozzi in London, Karlheinz Stockhausen in Cologne were European examples of this; we learn, too, from Mr Tuchman's notably candid catalogue that among Americans Robert Morris "could never find a true line of communication with anyone" in the firm that agreed to take him on, while Jasper Johns told the organiser that "the content of his art was about the movement of a band from one point in space to another nearby, and that to him the possibility of moving in a social situation to make art was unthinkable."

But if some of the projects put forward were beyond even Calligraffiti possibilities—George Brecht wanted, for instance, to relocate the land-mass of the British Isles in the Mediterranean Sea—there were enough very good artists, and enough interested firms, and enough per-

severence on all sides, to produce a show on the grand scale that was consistently stimulating to look at. And it may have even suggested to some of the corporations concerned that "the godlike priorities of the corporate job structure run counter to the spirit of technical endeavour which is play and participation."

"Bureaucracy is bad, in other words," says Roy Liechtenstein in his involvement with the movie industry, or Oyvind Fahlstrom in his happy encounter with Heath's Whitman who was in trouble with the pulsating molar mirrors which caused the ghosts of a brick a year ago, and an inhabited goldfish bowl to hang in the air above our heads; he did not despair of society but secured the willing support of a hundred volunteers from the Laguna Beach Unitarian Church Fellowship.

A room of especial interest to English visitors was the one produced by R. B. Kitaj in collaboration with Lockheed's. Tthoughts of the RB 211 had been cast aside quite clearly, as Kitaj darted back into the history of the early industrial era and used Samuel Smiles's "Lives of the Engineers" as a source of archetypal experience. Scrutiny of a hoard of custom-built or prototypical aeroplane parts suggested to Kitaj that many of them could be set up and photographed in such a way as to constitute a critique of minimal and formalist sculpture: the results were then garnished with titles that revealed Kitaj all over again as a master of abbreviated polemic.

Any reader of Bevis Hillier's

Art Deco would have known several years ago that there was an enthralling show to be made on the subject. But where other museums let the idea float, Minneapolis went ahead and asked him. More than that, they gave

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"ECSTASY" is the third in this series of Conci drawings by Anthony Brandt to be exclusively published by us. Of further prints, "Great Man" and "Cavalier" in "The Investors Chronicle" are limited to 33 copies. These are not only unique pieces of decoration but will have a high value for their investment potential. They will soon be snapped up and, as I imagine it will, with the series is continued, new buyers will be seeking examples of the early prints. "Ecstasy", "Amor Expectant" and "Amor Crossed Legs" with two others will be published in October. With your order for "Ecstasy" add £1.00 extra. The prints are £10.00 each. "Great Man" and "Cavalier" are also available and Anthony Brandt's masterpiece "Creation of the Cosmos", which we hope will be ready in November. All are printed on the same heavy, rough paper upon which the originals are painted. Please send airmail or registered air mail to our offices in the U.S.A. or to our countries from Fine Art dealers welcome. Please mention The Sunday Times when ordering.

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## Has man a future...

MAN-CHILD by David Jonas and Doris Klein/Cape £2.95

ANTHONY STORR

According to Jonas and Klein, the truly mature adult should feel no such compulsion.

In political matters, they detect a sinister trend in the surrender of leaders to youth. "In France, a powerful and seemingly stable regime was displaced in the course of pacifying student rebellions." Moreover, there is a notable increase in childlessness which makes him immature emotionally too.

In most animals, the period from birth to sexual maturity comprises something between a twelfth and an eighth of the whole life-span of the animal. In man, it is nearer a quarter. This peculiarity of man is variously named "foetalisation," "neoteny," or "paedomorphism." Its biological significance is not in doubt. Man's adaptation has not been through his strength, but through his brain. His prolonged childhood, which makes him immature emotionally too.

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**LOOK!** from Wallis: Left, pinstripe £19.95. Both outfits in sizes 8 to 14 and colours. Jersey suit £20. £21 with skirt instead of trousers; block and white, plum and white, navy and white, and fully fitted double-breasted jacket. Right, and bottle green and white. Hats by Diane Logan. £14.50. Chiltern Street, W1.



## LOOK! High fashion in the High

AN OLD FRIEND of mine had a face lift last week. Not only that, but half her inside was yanked out and replaced by another arranged in such a way that now everyone can see what's there. She is a different colour and looks terrific—I'm talking, of course, about the Wallis shop at Marble Arch.

There was a time I used to go there every day. Whilst other young mothers did as they were told and aired their offsprings round leafy parts of the park, I'd be heading through diesel fumes

down Oxford Street, towards Wallis for a look around and a try on.

These were the days before the liberating boutiques had arrived

MOLLY PARKIN

with their classless communal changing rooms and casual way of selling.

There was no such thing as browsing or just looking. Sales ladies would be snapping at your purse strings and trying on was

a traumatic haro sell with both of you squashed in a small cubicle fighting it out together. If you were at all indecisive, low on funds or not stock size, buying clothes could be frustrating. Except at Wallis who seemed to have a different policy. They were relaxed, there was an easiness to them. They made you welcome whether you spent or not.

At Marble Arch the girl I always got was lovely. I stuck to her literally through thick and thin, right through from my first post-pregnancy frock to size 10, to the numerous shedding of the accumulated fat (you it does sound a lot). I returned with her to normal and size 10. The day I got into an 8 she split a packet of Polos together.

The warmth, the lovely lunatic enthusiasm of Wallis seeps through from the top. Owner Jeffrey Wallis ("I'm the cocky one") who with his brother Harold inherited 23 of the existing 33 shops from their old dad in 1936, claims that the Marble Arch branch has now a turnover of half a million pounds, "which please God should do better with the new face."

Even so, 90 per cent of business, the real nitty gritty, he says is done between 2.30 and 4.30 on a Saturday in the High Streets of Britain. Marble Arch isn't the only one with the face lift (one, incidentally, by Conran). Other key Wallis branches have had the treatment too. Cardiff, Glasgow, Belfast, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Chelsea, Romford and Kingston.

"So ask me why we're doing it," bubbles Jeffrey. And before you're asking he is telling, which saves time. "Business is beautiful, but the shops have had a grotty look. Now I want them to be that a woman can walk into them, you know what I mean, and feel a welcome."

"We want Wallis to move ahead with the quality and price of Marks and Spencer, the excitement of Biba and the personal extra that Wallis has always had."

"We are trying to make ourselves an international organisation. I tell you something: ten years ago if I didn't see at least two dozen of our coats walking around the West End in one hour it would really upset me."

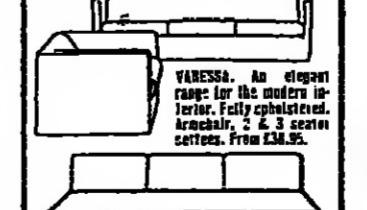
That was ten years ago. Now what he's keenest on, Jeffrey Wallis, is crossing the Channel. And if he finds a High Street half way there, he'll open up a Wallis on the spot.

**LES DEJAS (continued)**  
Tired out—deja phew!  
Getting to know you—deja tu.  
Poorly received—deja boo.  
Simon Dee—deja who?  
A sense of conscience—deja rue.  
Fallen woman—deja woo.  
Human beings—deja zoo.  
Insured—deja pru.  
Overgrown garden—deja Kew.  
Andrew Paul

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Broad Street, Birmingham 1 and at the Kitchen Design Centre and showroom, Dafen, Llanelli, Carmarthenshire.

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Hips 36–44 inches—£6.50\*. Either skirt can be tailored to special measurement £1.50 extra.

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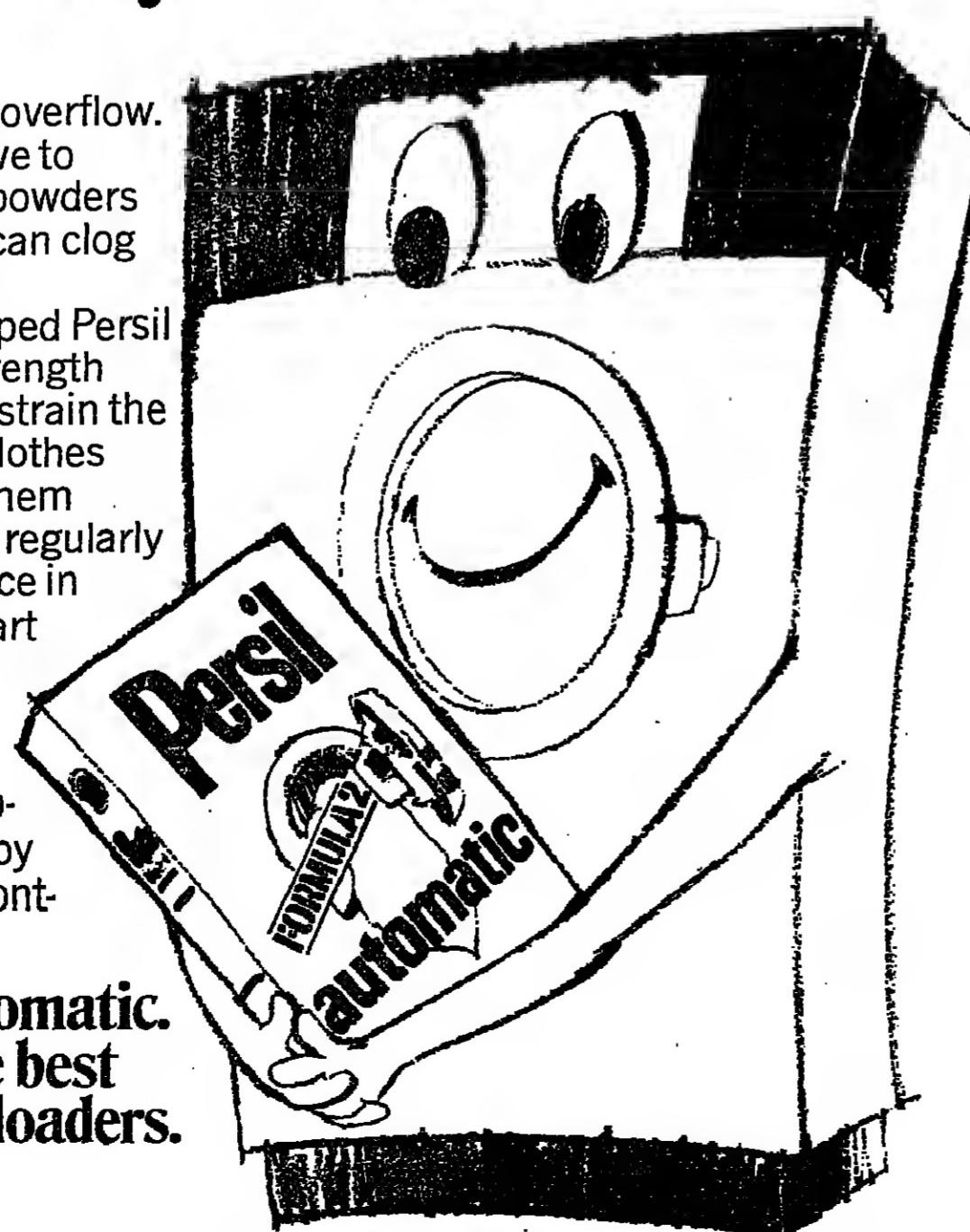
...that's why they love Persil Automatic.

Front-loaders hate to overflow. But sometimes they have to because most modern powders make a rich lather that can clog up their action.

That's why we developed Persil Automatic. Use it full strength and it won't overflow or strain the mechanism. It lets the clothes tumble freely and gets them thoroughly clean. Use it regularly and you'll see a difference in whiteness. And you'll start getting the results your machine should always give.

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ins & Jones, Harrods,  
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& Edgar, Totes, Mayfair,  
2007 (Oxford Street).  
Stop the Shop (Kings  
Cross).

**SUBURBS**  
Clapham Junction—Arding  
& Hobbs, Croydon—All-  
ders, Egham—Hinds, Sutton.

ton—Renee Shaw, Sussex  
—Shiners.  
**HOME COUNTIES**  
Berkshire—Banks, Guild-  
ford—Plummers, Reddick,  
Sevenoaks—Young.  
**WEST**  
Plymouth—Dingles.  
**SCOTLAND**  
Glasgow—Daly's.  
**WALES**  
Cardiff—McLaws.  
**NORTHERN IRELAND**  
Ballymena—McKillops.  
**GROUPS**  
Peter Robinson, Noel  
Leon.

## LOOK! The Mrs Spinks Show

ELEANOR BROOKS' studio in her Kentish Town house has been possessed by the presence of Mrs Eva Spinks, her cockney charlady.

Paintings and drawings and an intricate collage of Mrs Spinks hang on the wall. A ghostly white plaster of Mrs Spinks, life size, pearls round her neck, stands in the corner by the window next to a shelf of Mrs Spinks' heads.

Mrs Spinks' foot and Mrs Spinks' hands are cast in plaster and there is even a rather grisly Mrs Spinks' three-dimensional puzzle where you take her foot to pieces hole by curling bone and then put it together again.

Mrs Spinks arrived at the Brooks household four years ago in answer to an advertisement for a charlady and when she didn't turn out to be a very good charlady, Eleanor Brooks started using her as a model and Mrs Spinks would sit in the studio and talk and talk.

“She can't sit still and she talks the whole time. She's a good little actress. She can put on a very grand manner or he very vulgar, according to her mood, and I'd start painting her

A bonk robber:  
One who burrows.  
Rather than borrows.  
Bryan Lewis

one day and the next day she'd be completely different. After a while I realised I couldn't get her across just by painting.”

As time passed Eleanor Brooks became involved in Mrs Spinks' life. After a quarrel with her landlord, Mrs Spinks had been thrown out and was picked up in Euston Station, taken to a reception centre and then to a grim old people's home. Eleanor Brooks found her a room and helped her move on. Then two years ago she had the idea of basing a whole exhibition round the life of Mrs Spinks.

“I recorded her talking, at first without her knowledge, then one day the tape squeaked and I was a bit apprehensive of her reaction, but all she said when I told her was ‘I don't care. It's all the truth.’

“She's very refined. Her mother was illegitimate, and so is she; she thinks her mother worked for the Lord of the Manor and the younger son did her and this is why she's got yearnings. She thinks art and aristocracy go together. At first she liked being painted. She thought she was getting her due at last.”

Mrs Spinks' character, tastes, life and hard times will be fully displayed in the final exhibition,

which as well as all the artefacts will show Mrs Spinks on film, tape and a collection of her belongings—old dresses, papers, broken jewellery, a sad fox fur.

The exhibition is still looking for a home, but Eleanor Brooks would like it to be a travelling show with a fairground element.

What won't be so obviously on display is the relationship that the two women have established. They couldn't be more different.

Eleanor Brooks was born on a country estate in Lincolnshire and brought up at second hand by nannies and tutors in an upper-class household and in many ways,

her exposure to Mrs Spinks' life has changed her attitude to and understanding of other people's lives.

“Class comes into it an awful lot. I was brought up by a nanny

and Mrs Spinks was once a nanny in France for a year and she's very illuminating, very sour about her employers. Her criticisms have a purging effect, they've expunged the remnants of upper-

class thinking in me. She can upset me. She attacks me and says I'm using her and it sort of shakes me, but it's a mutual arrangement. She comes here to talk and I get my own back on her by painting and recording her. That's the key, we're both using each other. She just starts talking and it all comes out, she goes on about funerals, graves, her friends, there's so much to it. It's like a novel by—not a very brilliant novelist, one of those picturesque writers.

“It's made me much tougher. I'm no longer a middle-class liberal. I won't act out of feeling sorry for anyone. Everyone thinks their own life and you can't be sorry for them.

“I started off thinking that I was better than other people and it was incumbent on me to be nice to those less well off. But it's not a question of whether anyone is better than anyone else, it's simply a question of who wins. Poor old soul, she's never had a success of any kind, she has no relations, no friends and yet she thinks she's as good as I am. My attitude to her isn't patronising now. What I'm saying is that there's poetry in a simple life.”

Lesley Garner

## AC, DC or BC—a guide to the well-dressed

World's Best-dressed list demands.

At trade levels, these vocational esoterics often involve smatterings of the old Victorian sartorial snobberies—which renders them doubly confusing. Franco Legato, of the Mario and Franco set-up, for example, would justify his listing among the Best-dressed Restaurateurs—but his restrained tailoring and precisely chosen accessories identify his visual appreciation as being among the BC category, despite his DC age category. He could not logically be considered for the Big League.

Rival Alvaro, on the other hand, is inclined to identify with the slight eccentricities of the swingers who constitute his clientele and the BC category would probably regard this copywriting of his customers as slight impertinence.

A significant event in the period of change was Harold Macmillan, when Prime Minister, allowing himself to be photographed leaving church in a pair of trousers heavily patched at the knee. Presumably this involved the suggestion (a) that he was economising in the interests of the nation's parlous economic situation, or (b) that the frictional rigours of his Sunday supplication had forced perforation.

What curious mental attitude could persuade the Chief Executive of a proud nation to strip himself in trousers fit only for Dutch men and such men? It was simply an early example of the aim for sartorial effectiveness.

John Taylor  
who is editor of the new fashion magazine Style

rather than sartorial effect. It is an attitude which has rendered impossible any widely acceptable list of Best-dressed Men.

I first became aware of the changing attitudes in sartorial appraisal when Harry Truman was asked to reply to some criticisms I had published of his wardrobe. I felt the old authority shifting out from under me as he dismissed what ten years before would have been seriously considered. “Go tell him,” said Mr Truman, “to mind his own goddam business.”

I withdrew from the lists and surrendered the annual responsibility to the Clothing Manufacturers' Federation.

To end on a happy note I can record that, doubtless only in deference to services rendered, the Federation included its own name to their Best-dressed Men list for 1962, under the citation: “Mr Taylor is a fluent dresser and always appears even late in the day, as though he had just finished dressing.”

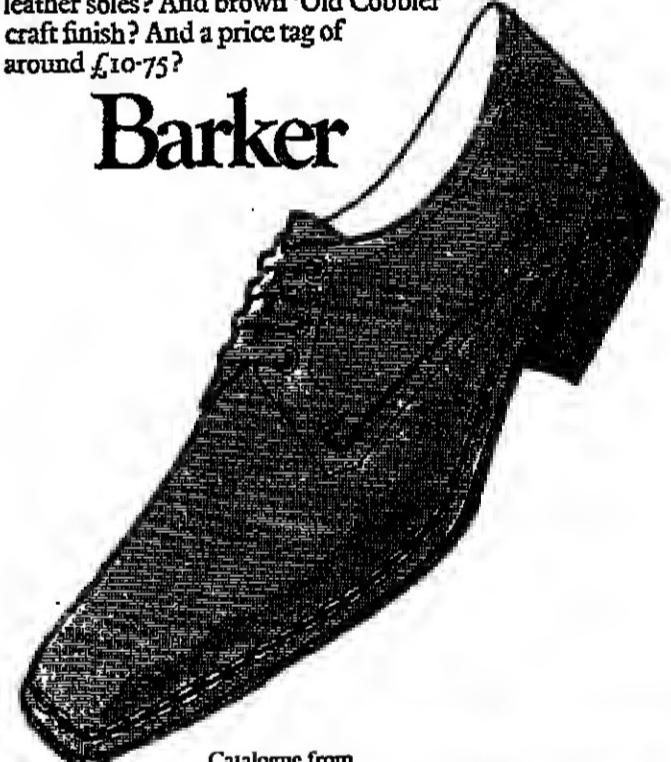
Fluent, according to the dictionary, means “with ease and readiness”—and I accepted the citation with considerable self-satisfaction. It is my talent for rapid dressing, indeed, which is undoubtedly the reason for my never having been cited by any one other than the Clothing Manufacturers' Federation.

John Taylor

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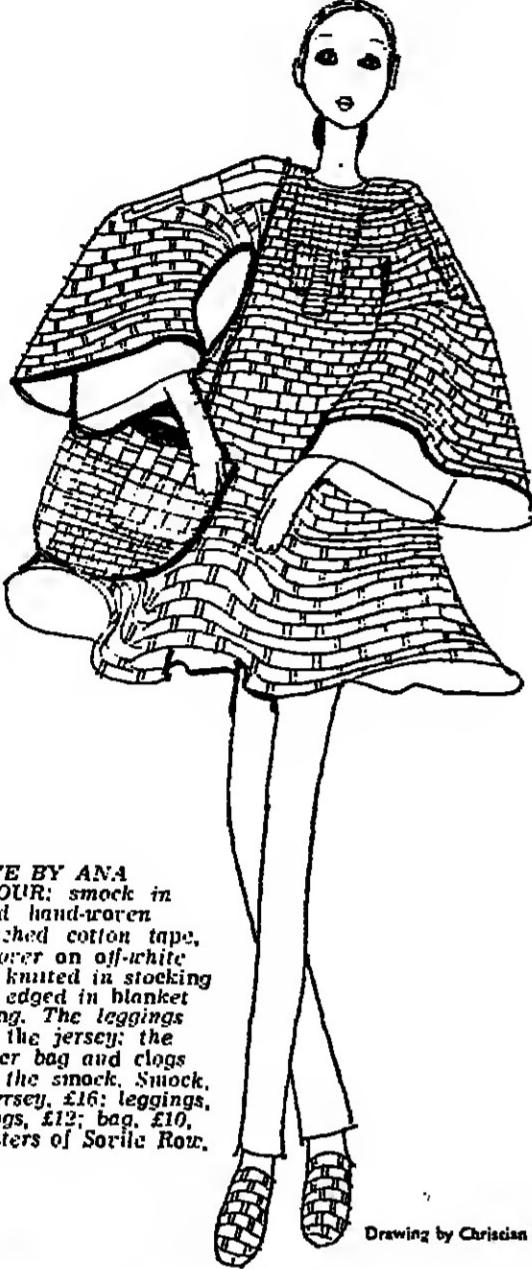
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## IN MY FASHION

**A**NA BALFOUR is a weaver, not she says, a "normal" weaver. Unlike "normal" weavers, she weaves sather, string or tape, not in and out the usual way but, as he explains, "held together by nols." She doesn't even have a com and weaves on frames from 6in x 12in to six feet square. Twenty-two-year-old Miss Balfour left Saint Martin's School of Art fifteen months ago. She

officially studied dress design, but in her last year, "got keen on wearing." Her first experiment was weaving lengths of chamomile which she took to Nutters, who made them into waistcoats.

Vogue's eagle-eyed Special Projects Editor, Judy Brittain, spotted the waistcoats and Miss Balfour. She suggested that Miss Balfour make something up. "So," says Miss Balfour, "I made a circle." That is, she took a



Drawing by Christian Benske

**WEAVE BY ANA BALFOUR:** smock in textured hand-woven interlocked cotton tape, £20; over an off-white jersey blouse in stocking stitch, edged in blanket stitching. The leggings notch the jersey; the shoulder bag and clops notch the smock. Siwook, £50; jersey, £16; leggings, £8; clops, £12; bag, £10. It Nutters of Soho Row.

## WEAVE AND YVES by Ernestine Carter

circle of fabric and divided it into quarters, one quarter each for the front and back of the smock, one quarter for each sleeve. The smock we show is also a circle. In fact, says Miss Balfour, everything she does is based on circles.

Moving circularly ourselves, we come back to the first circle which Vogue photographed. At this point things ground to a temporary halt, for as is the custom of fashion magazines (and pages), items published must be available for readers to buy in, in our vernacular, they must have stockists.

Miss Balfour had no stockist, so she went off and got herself one—Brown's in South Molton Street. "They took a smock to see what happened!" Brown's sold the first one right away and have continued to sell them throughout the summer, twenty so far, at £30 each.

Miss Balfour is one of the young designers whom Miss Brittain has tapped to start a pet project. The project is to find a workspace (as inexpensive as possible) where young designers can work. To begin with, says Miss Brittain, their needs are simple: space, a table, a Bernina machine (for embroidery), a knitting machine, a telephone, and later perhaps a secretary.

So far Miss Brittain has picked six designers, each doing something original and special. And, adds Miss Brittain, "well thought out and beautifully carried through." Besides Miss Balfour, there are Susan Kemp and Diana Harrison, both ex-Goldsmiths. Susan Kemp does what Miss Brittain calls "fabulous fabric designs, intricate and poetic." Diana Harrison's designs Miss Brittain describes as "witty, more geometric."

Both girls have developed their own technique of padded quilting—the puffy silky Oriental kind Yamamoto used in heavy ridges, that Yves Saint Laurent used in squares. Miss Kemp and Miss Harrison use it rather like repoussé is used in silver, to bring their patterns into high relief.

Vai Yorston, also Goldsmiths, is an embroiderer with a pyrotechnical array of stitches at her finger tips. Elizabeth Metford, who left Goldsmiths two years ago, is just starting. Her forte is embroidery and appliqué used in new and unconventional ways.

The other two members of the sextet are older than these girls whose ages range from twenty to twenty-three. One is Lillian Devetryas, a Greek-American, whom Miss Brittain first found in New York, but who now lives here. "She paints in fabric," says Miss Brittain.

The senior member is Michael Haynes (who has designed the setting for the coming Fashion Exhibition at the V & A).

The list is not closed. Miss Brittain plans to go on "picking people. I think it's good to have people streaming through. As some of them go on, new ones will come in, otherwise ideas get static."

There is a wonderful lot of young talent about. The important thing is to give it a place where it can work freely and independently, without compromise or constraint.

Miss Brittain's plan could flower into the kind of atelier one finds abroad, one which could be of as great value to the fashion industry as to the designers, for it would provide a place where they could see what young talent is up to, discern the direction in which the young pathfinders are moving. In fact, it could prove so valuable that some farsighted fabric house, some farsighted manufacturer will, I think, be sure to want to play Maecenas.

**CHARITY YVES-NING:** On Tuesday, 28th September, Yves Saint Laurent will show both his Paris Couture and his Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Collections at a Gala evening at the London Planetarium in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children which will be attended by Princess Margaret. Doors open at 10 pm, fashion show at 11 pm (exactly); dancing at Madame Tussaud's until 2 am. Tickets £6 each include breakfast from Mrs Michael Bowater, NSPCC, 1 Riding House Street, W1P 8AA (01-580 8812).



↑ YVES SAINT LAURENT: a shiny black circ blouse wraps over a black polo necked jersey and matching long Johns; a red fox "chubby" flashes a green plastic heart pierced by a rhinestone arrow; on the feet, black suede wedge-heeled sandals. Blouse, £28; jersey and long Johns, £20.50; red fox chubby, £400; heart brooch, £14; black sheer tights, £2.75; sandals, £14.

YVES SAINT LAURENT: olive green glazed cotton quilted jacket over an orange ribbed polo necked sweater and brown wool jersey skirt; matching quilted baggy boots and shoulder bag, knitted tea cosy cap in orange, brown and green (note: not always worn over the eyes). Jacket, £43; sweater, £11.50; skirt, £22.50; boots, £30; bag, £43; cap, £6.75. All from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Hair by Michael of Micheljohn. Photographs by Barry Latgan



Drawing by Christian Benske



Photograph by courtesy of the British Film Institute

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It could be you're one of those women who realises her end-of-summer face, however beautiful, isn't the face of today which should sparkle with health and vitality. What was lovely then isn't lovely now. The golden glow turns sallow and even to wretched little wrinkles as well. Which makes autumn a splendid time for good resolutions. And especially for now, Elizabeth Arden have produced a set called simply, "Cleanse, Tone, Nourish". This means melts-at-a-touch Cleansing Cream, the marvellous freshness of Skin Tone and the soothing, smoothing action of Vitamin Cream, which works as well for winter-exposed skins as for sun-parched.

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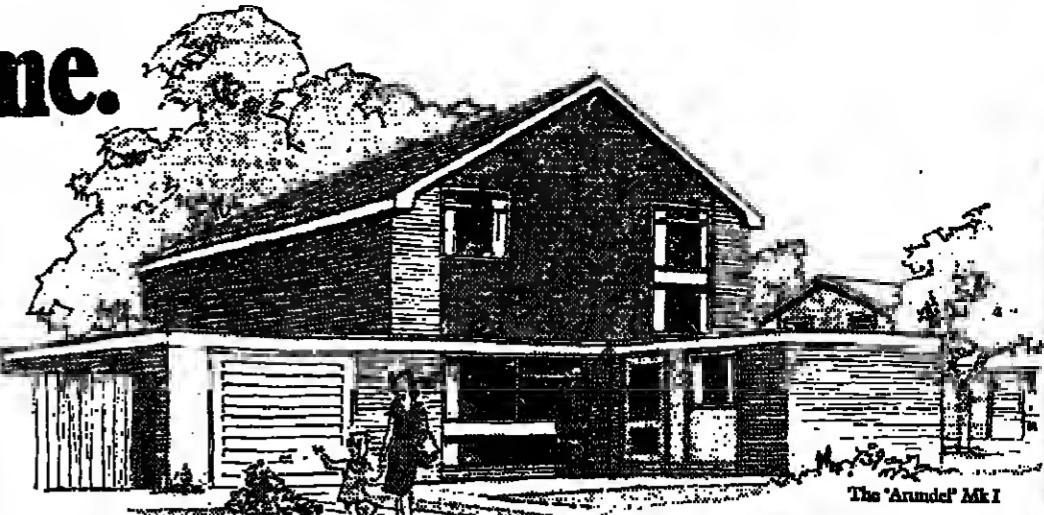
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